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a desert island being inter-book whatever which did not salvation of both soul and body.

pon a desert island with the priv sight books as companions I

ns our sympathy, it has been our bee that humorists with rough of hair, rumpled tweeds, and a gift for looking apprehensive by But we come with a pur-

for me to answer that, even it is time?" this time?" this time?" oh," answers Mr. Leaceck easily,

Leacock forgot to be apprehensive merce, the ugly sister of art.

"That's a good phrase," cuts in the publisher. "I have an idea. Why don't

thoots another glance over his shoul-ind is emboldened by what he does drance to the progress of American litera-

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5. The Bible, because it's so full of thick.

julcy, snappy stuff. One could spend one's life getting plots from it—good melodrama, situations, character. odrama, situations, character.

6. "David Copperfield," because I love him and naturally have the Dickens habit, which I formed at the age of 8 and have kept up, regardless.

7. One book of poetry, because I love to jead poetry aloud to myself with a fine, slore of some such place as this desert island of yours.

nor a vacation resort, but the desert.

It cannot be wholly a dramatic effect, and there'd be no one

near to stop me.

8. The Greek Anthology, because I never have read it through, and am always declaring to myself that I will. I suppose I've been saving it for that desert isle; it will fit splendidly into the long winter evenings.

By WILLIAM CALLS II. The Bible, because it is in the long of the second of the suppose I've been saving it for that desert isle; it will fit splendidly into the long winter evenings.

winter evenings.

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ose, may be expected to appear not only among a primitive people but also and the stage and Kentucky whiskey. It is a periodic lament; and when the accumstances of primitive life. Thus in

and the Ugly Sister of Art the Satirical Humorous Essay

and the stage and between the settlement of a new present the commandate stage and some with a purpose of the first production of the special first production

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The Bible, because it is a book tha

Rabelais, that I might laugh. "Don Quixote," that I might weep "Bouvard et Pecuchet," because this

one side of France.
6. Carlyle's "French Revolution," be

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boat building, camping, "How to shrooms" and the like):

If the desert didn't mind I should like to add Kipling's complete poems, Van Dyke's "Toiling of Felix" and as many of like Lagoon

Mysterious Island.

Por us message of peacetons between the love.

If the desert didn't mind I should like to add Kipling's complete poems, Van Dyke's "Toiling of Felix" and as many of O. Henry's short stories as deserts will permit to be brought in.

If think I should take with me one of Mark Twain's best; "Tristram Shandy" (because I have not read it, but like the Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," which is the control of the con ABOUT HUMORISTS MORE OR LESS

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ens to record the fine fires of her love before she passes.

"Ah, minstrel, how strange is

The carol you sing! Let Psyche, who ranges The gardens of Spring, Remember the changes

That exception (reprinted unfortunately in his latest book of verses, "By and Large") was his paredy on a literary indiscretion by a Vassar girl. The chance was almost irresistible, to be sure—but could do. No, F. P. A. has tickled the muse in the ribs in tember mode, but he has been always just a little afraid to woo her. He shouldn't be. She knows him for her own. A Yale man, they say, who had taken a girl to the ball game and

The state of the s New York's fault? And where is als match for this:

The French Government in recognition of his biography of Moliere. In writing match for this: of Goldoni, so generally do Europeans mistrust the scholarship of Americans in continental fields, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor displayed as much temerity as an Italian Remember the changes
December will bring."

We cannot wholly blame newspaper hurry for such emission, because now the poems are in a book. Nor can we wholly



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this juncture the publisher, seeing is anong smoothly, permits himto be summoned away. The hust looks even more relieved and a assonished, as one who would say: a dark know he would trust me alone in?

The remarks of taste—"Oh, yes," concedes Mr. Leacock, "and "Oh, yes," concedes Mr. Leacock, "a others have got it too that Adams has

is emboldened by what he does is emboldened by what he does is emboldened by what he does it entered in the whispers. "First, the readen't time for serious humor. Writner's a dangerous game, you see, it always takes two to consument. Two discovered this in relation own work, which several critics of the proposition. It's harder to put than isolated jokes, funny ideas or incidents; and then—"

They were considered very But real, serious humor is a try beyond their masses. But the atry beyond their masses the publisher.

They discovered this in relation of the publisher of periodicals and books tries to circulate among of incidents and books tries to circula negligence is not in his bright lexicon! It was not ever thus, of course. "Always in Good Humor" in the Mail grew slowly into popular favor at first, the more as Adams's appeal perhaps was not quite to the then readers of the paper. But gradually the public became aware that here was a column of quality, a humorist of real pith and charm. Adams made friends, the Mail made friends, and the time came when you overheard in the elevated, the when you overheard in the elevated, the subway, the club, "Did you see what Adams said to-day?" That is fame! Apparently it only remained for F. P. A. t ndorse a popular brand of tobacco to

be and then?"

Lakes big men to put it over."

The mean we haven't big enough

the more Mr. Leacock glanced over
cubler. "Well, of course, I wouldn't
to in so many words. But the kind
her I'm thinking of is the kind Mark
the wrote, and Charles Dickens. I
think of those two men together,
did the same sort of thing, each
lying the whole spirit of his time
of them had, beneath and beyond
the fideulous, a wide human
of the ridiculous, a wide human
of the ridiculous on the ridiculous on the ridiculous
of the modern in that people who don't
without advertising, it can't get
without advertising.

The modern magazine can't live
without advertising
of in many of many of many be throned with the immortals, Yet more was coming. On January 1 1914, the Colyum suddenly burst forth ectly beside those two sacred colur where Greeley thundered and Ike Bron ley raged and Whitelaw Reid played pol bune's circulation increased 12,000 in the banes equation thereased 12,000 in the next four weeks. Even you must know by this time that F. P. A. is with the Tribune! I was with the Tribune for nearly seven years; and I'm reading it again every day. Can I say more end became for the moment almost a Pick Leacock.

The basis of the humorous," he explained, "lies in the incongruity, the unfittleness, the want of harmony among things. The humor of discomfiture, of destructiveness and savage triumph, of comething smashed, broken, defeated, turned its own find. always coincident with the times when he doesn't tiline I am. His views are personal and extertic. He doesn't like Conrad, he utterly falls to understand the lure of golf, he believes he can play tennis, he thought "Once Aboard the Lugar" was an amusing book, he goes

Lugar" was an amusing book, he goes to cofessional baseball games and he

about those names we ment the beginning," he goes on, "I fit wouldn't be better to strike the same and our tears."

As he pauses we sit silenced for a moment. Then we venture: "According to that diagnosis, I guess we can't claim to have a great humorist."

Then we venture: "According to that diagnosis, I guess we can't claim to have a great humorist."

The writer of prose, by intelligence taught,

As he pauses we sit silenced for a moment. Then we venture: "According to that diagnosis, I guess we can't claim to have a great humorist."

The writer of prose, by intelligence taught,

Says the thing that will please, in the way conduct (shall we say do conduct?) a daily column, but there is only one F. P. A. I would have no poor despised Bard, who by Nature is bleat.

The writer of prose, by intelligence taught,

Says the thing that will please, in the way conduct (shall we say do conduct?) a daily column, but there is only one F. P. A. I would be a couplet, or guise of a please, in the way conduct (shall we say do conduct?) a daily column, but there is only one F. P. A. I would be a couplet, or guise of a please, in the way conduct (shall we say do conduct?) a daily column, but there is only one F. P. A. I would be a couplet, or guise of a please, in the way that he cught.

But your poor despised Bard, who by Nature is bleast.

The writer of prose, by intelligence taught,

Says the thing that will please, in the way that he conduct (shall we say do conduct?) a daily column, but there is only one F. P. A. I would be a couplet, or guise of a please, in the way that he couplet, or guise of a surjour provide support is at the proper times. Adams's variety of qualifications, Those him best.

It was ten years ago that Franklin been a man in a similar position with have been deleted at the proper times. Adams's variety of qualifications, Those in the proper times. Adams's variety of qualifications, Those in the proper times and the proper times. Adams's variety of qualifications, at the proper times. Adams's variety of q

Adams's variety of qualifications. Those qualifications are more than the posses.

It was ten years ago that Franklin Pierce Adams came to New York from darkest Chicago and began to run a daily column, m. or l. humorous, in the Evening Mail. He was then 23 years old and knew in nothing about strawberry shortcake. In fact, it was his shocking ignorance of that ambrosial fodder (not surprising in a real new Yorker, but deplorable in a middle west. Westerner) which caused me to write to whether the changes of the proper times. Adams is in reality at the proper times averious person. The gardens of Spr Remember the changes of the proper times are in a book. No has taste, imagination, delicacy. In the law years that I have read the Colyum I have seen thousands of salirie shafts among his readers burn welcome the best that have never since been able to refrain That exception (reprinted unfortunately column. It is a happy habit, and so many Large") was his parody on a literary

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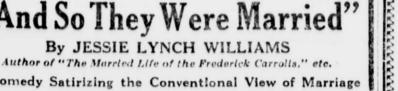
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